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the cress half opens its lilac blossoms and the fields where the cowslip blooms in yellow clusters. I can find by its light odor the mistletoe on the wild apple tree. Already a snow of flowers covers the branches of the blackthorn. Wait for me, Old Man."

In three goat-like bounds he was in the wood, and, when he returned, Célestin thought he saw a hawthorn bush walking. Amycus was hidden under the perfumed load. He hung garlands of flowers on the rustic altar: he covered it with violets and said gravely:

"These flowers, to the God who created them!"

And, while Célestin celebrated the mass, the goat-footed one, bowing to the earth his horned forehead, worshipped the Sun, saying:

"The earth is a great egg which thou makest fruitful, Sun, Sacred Sun!"

From this day Célestin and Amycus

lived together. The hermit could never, in spite of all his efforts, make the half-man understand the ineffable mysteries; but, as, by the care of Amycus, the chapel of the true God was always ornamented with garlands, and more covered with flowers than the fairy trees, the holy priest said:

"The faun is an hymn to God."

That was why he administered to him holy baptism.

On the hill where Célestin had built the simple chapel which Amycus ornamented with flowers from the mountains, the woods, and the waters, rises today a church, of which the nave dates back to the eleventh century, and of which the porch has been rebuilt, under Henri II, in the style of the Renaissance. It is a place of pilgrimage, and the faithful venerate there the blessed memory of the saints Amic and Célestin.

ANATOL FRANCE.

From Carnet Rose, Paris.

(Translation, Lotus Magazine.)

FRAGMENT

"Riches," says Charles Lamb, "are chiefly good, because they give us time, all one's time to one's self. For which alone I rankle with envy at the rich. Books are good, and pictures are good, and money to buy them is therefore good, but to buy time—in other words—life!" An illusion natural enough to an ill-paid clerk, ninety years ago, whose sole dissipations consisted in rambling through the leafy lanes of Hertfordshire, or "expanding over muffins" with Evans amidst the dusty tomes of the India House. In these days of hurry and push, when even idleness is eager, *riches*, instead of giving us time and leisure, filch them from us, and burden us with a number of useless responsibilities and ridiculous encumbrances.